

Mischief, Morose, Mayhem

I.

The little feminine creature had a fascinating appearance of purple glass, svelte and clear and mobile and filled with bits of sparkly flakes, generally gold/silver in color. She was no taller than an industrial coffee maker. She first asked if I'd ever tried a certain type of sugary crepe, made from powdered cattails and bits of rum-soaked pistachio. When I told her "No" she zapped me with some kind of greenish light...and started laughing. Suddenly I had handfuls of delicious crepe desert, and one sticking from the mouth. She couldn't stop laughing, and I must admit, I couldn't stop eating.

II.

There were two brilliantly red creatures in the center of the spiral, asleep. Easily the size of arctic mini-dragons, both with a fancy gem box tucked away in each hand. No doubt their energy powered the carven lines of the spiral, a magma-colored glow that lightly throbbed here and there. I wasn't sure what was next, but something was odd. And being this high on the mountain exposed to impending snow was foolish. But, too late: I was brutally impaled from behind by a red steel trident wielded by a forgotten final red creature. My heart was removed, and eaten.

III.

Six little brothers, each abandoned demons, made quite a fortune from their personal train station vending machines and custom drinks. For most travelers it didn't seem odd for the semi-green creatures, none higher than the average adult waist, to laugh and make strange noises in public all day, selling their goods to humans who were rushing to catch trains from the Netherlands and Denmark. But one day, the demons were reduced to five. In time a curious passenger found one of the missing demon's eyes and feet in a custom drink, wrapped in coconut milk and peppermint. It was delicious.

End.